
Title: In'teir Hatylies Besi'fetis

Author: Sythil 'utanu

As I stepped foot into
the mouth of the
Abyss, I struggled
with all my might to
maintain strong. It
had been aeons since
my last visit to this
ungodly plain of
insanity, and little had
I expected to ever
return. Yet hear,
before me, stretched
the Abyss in all it's
dark glory. And oh
how it welcomed me,
oh how it wrapped me
in it's arms. It
welcomed me home
this night, yet it did
what it saught to do to
all, it lept forword into
my thoughts, seeking
to find what I saught
here within it. And
so it found my plan,
and so thus I felt it's
embrace tighten upon
me, and it tightened so
that I could not breath.

My lungs gasp for
air, air that could not
be found within this
plain. My eyes, oh
my eyes, burning so
horribly. Pain
welcomed itself into
every hidden spot my
body had within it.
Then I realized
something that I had
feared since the
beggining, something
since the day I had
come to realize their
was an Abyss. As I
watched now, my
fears became so much
more true to me.

With great pain, and
much force, I managed
to keep my eyes upon
the figure that stood
before me. His
outline was dark.
By dark I do not intend
to lead towards the
color of blackness.
No, this was dark.
Nothing, yes, that is
what it was. Nothing
surrounded him..yet,
something did.
Horrific visions took
control of me as my
hatred for the figure
burned deep within
me.
This figure, this
purist form of evil
standing before me,
was in fact...me. And
behind it stood great
walls. Such walls
none have seen before
in this realm. They
thrust upwards into
the darkness,
thousands upon
thousands of feet tall.
Nothing could compare
to their stand.
Then, from the
ground arose a great
forest, a forest not like
those of this world.
No, this forest was
death itself. For it
was made of the flesh
of those lost souls.
Creatures of all
shapes and sizes
stretched to
deformation upon the
trunks. Their hands
paralyzed into a
haunting grasp. Cries
and screams echoed
into my now bleeding
ears.
SUddenly a great
sound came from the
walls, and a gate
opened upon them.
From this gate I saw
movement. Such
movement too. Almost

like a swarm of
insects seeking their
new home for the
season...

A great crash sounded
as yet another horde
came from the other
side, from within the
forest of death. And
these two hordes
crashed together
forming a black cloud
of chaos. The clash
of metal sounded, and
so did the casting of
magics start. A war
began as minions
faught minions and
demons upon demons.
Hell had turned in
upon itself with
sudden ease. Here I
sat upon what I could
only call a hill of some
sort. Listening,
watching, as evil
turned upon evil. My
how I loved the sight
of it all. My ears
settled their bleeding,
and my eyes regained
to normal. Now I sat,
laughing to myself.
Laughing at what now
was in event. I was
there, and I knew, and
I controled. I was
there and I was a god
to them.

Then, all was quiet. A
blanket of death lay
upon the forest now.
The armies lay still
upon the ground. And
I sat alone, dweling in
my creation. I had
come into my home at
last. I had become.